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Hot water
Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

UNCLE SAM
a SCRAP chew
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MOIST & FRESH
Lipton's Food Products Co.

WANTED—Representatives to call on physicians and druggists in all sections of the country. Pleasant work; good pay. Opportunity. 145 West Blvd., Quincy, Illinois.

FRECKLES
Many of life's so-called luxuries are base imitations.

"DANDERINE" STOPS
HAIR FALLING OUT

Murphy! A few cents will save your hair and double its beauty.

A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the forehead, itchy scalp soft and pliable; then this stimulating tonic penetrates to the finished hair roots, revitalizing and invigorating every hair in the head, thus stopping the hair falling out, getting thin, scraggly or fading.

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff, besides every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness, color and thickness.

A few cents buys a bottle of the delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter—Adv.

Ignorance is the stepmother of envy.

CONVENIENT!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets."

Cascarets never grip, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. Feel fully! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? They work while you sleep. Adv.

The spider has no cause for alarm when his life hangs by a thread.

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry, you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see.

The fish always bite well when you can't go.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Williams**

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In chasing the ideal one often succeeds in catching up with the material.

You never can know how superior to other preparations Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are. A single dose cleanses and restores.

With the possible exception of vanity, a woman may outlive all her faults.

For Constipation use a natural remedy. **Garfield Tea** is composed of carefully selected herbs only. At all drug stores—Adv.

Misfortune is the filter that separates the true friends from the courtiers.

PUT CREAM IN NOSE
AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How to Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache, no hawking, sniffling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly.

It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable—Adv.

Financial circumstances alter legal cases.

MURINE
Night and Morning.
House Strong, Healthy
Eyes. If they are Itchy,
Smart or Burn, if Sore,
Irritated, Inflamed or
Gravely, use Murine
often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for
Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for
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WOODEN SPOIL

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CHAPTER XIII.

The island.
Lafe and Hilary started for the island at one o'clock. They planned to spend three hours there and return on the evening tide.

Hilary, seated opposite his friend, told him of the conversation with Louis, who, manipulating the tiller, heard nothing.

"If Louis will swear to what he informed me," he said, "it means that we can clap Brousseau into jail. Otherwise he'll never give up his schemes against me, because he has a personal grievance."

"Mr. Askew," said Lafe, "might I put a question to you without giving offense?"

"You may, Connel."

"I'm only asking what everybody's saying in St. Boniface, and that is about your cutting Brousseau out with Mademoiselle Rosny."

"I guess it's true, Lafe," said Hilary. "Lafe, she's—well, you understand."

"I guess I do," said Lafe. He stretched out a heavy hand and gripped Hilary's wrist. "I wish Clarice—my wife—could meet you," he said.

"I hope she will, Lafe, some day. But now about Brousseau."

"I asked you that," said Lafe, "because there's a lot hangs on it. Now as to Louis—he wouldn't swear. If he did swear, he'd swear that he'd been lying as soon as Brousseau slipped him a ten-dollar bill. No, sir, it won't do. We've got to get the fight into the trap before we spring it."

"I'm afraid I am no hand at springing traps, Lafe."

"No. But we've got to give him rope enough to hang himself. We don't want to go off on a half-cock. That's plain, isn't it? My advice is as before; let him go. You see, sir, when a man schemes and schemes and plans his crooked work, all that he's doing is to twist the rope tighter round his own neck. We've got him now, but we must get the noose tight, so that he won't wriggle out of it. And he'll twist it tight next time he wriggles. That's my idea, Mr. Askew."

"I guess you're right as usual, Lafe," answered Hilary. "But I've been living low a threatening long time."

No more was said upon the subject. Out in the Gulf the chopiness of the waves had changed to a steady sweep toward the island, which, lying in mid-stream, received and broke the full force of the daily tides. The wind aided them as they swept through the water. Hilary watched the near land with interest that deepened as he began to make out the luxurious growth of conifers that covered it almost to the sea's verge.

In the center he could now make out a ridge of low hills, which seemed to ascend to a terminal cliff, having on one side a gentle slope and, on the other, a precipitous descent toward the water.

"There ought to be some fine cutting there for us some day," said Hilary. "Hello! What's that?"

"Somebody has got there before us," said Connel.

A boat came into view, a little fishing sloop, much like Duval's, beached on the shore, the sails down, the bow high above the water.

"That boat belongs to Jacques Brousseau," said Louis, pointing toward it.

"What's he doing on my limits, I wonder," mused Hilary.

"I guess he's making his winter quarters. He's trapped the seagulls so long that he thinks it's his territory."

They grounded. Duval, leaping ashore, brought the bow round above the water level. Lafe and Hilary stepped out and stretched their cramped limbs.

The wind blew keenly, but, once under the shelter of the island, they found it warm autumn weather. Leaving Louis stretched out in the boat, under a tarpaulin, Lafe and Hilary started up the sloping beach toward the interior. The first thing that they noticed as peculiar, when they had passed the outer fringe of trees, was the existence of a well-defined trail. They stepped and looked at it.

"Do you suppose old Jacques made all that?" asked Lafe.

"Too wide,"

"And too hard, Mr. Askew. This has been stamped out this summer. And Jacques has only been here a week."

"What?" asked Hilary.

"Somebody else has been on the island all summer, or at least most of the summer. Maybe two or three of them. It looks like it."

The trail had disappeared. They were now scrambling up a gully between great rocks that towered on either side of them. At the top of the elevation appeared the point of the island, and the face of the great cliff, cleft into numerous fissures, some widening into small caves.

Suddenly Lafe gripped Hilary's arm and pointed. Through the scrub they could see Jacques Brousseau coming out of an aperture in the cliff, a deep but narrow cleft that opened toward the base into a wide recess.

Jacques saw them at the same time and stood motionless. As Lafe and Hilary advanced he seemed to be galvanized into life. He rushed toward them, screaming, his face convulsed with fury.

Hilary cast his eyes about to ascertain the cause of the old man's fury. He saw, near the cave's mouth, a large slab of granite, and a heavy hammer lying beside it.

"Let's see what he's got there," he said. "It doesn't look like traps to me."

The sun, now very low, shone full into the interior. It revealed a cavernous depth, whose recesses were lost in gloom, a high arch, and the remnants of many fires on the granite slabs that paved it almost as regularly as those of a city sidewalk. Somebody had camped here for a long time—possibly Jacques, though he must have burned a whole cord of wood, to judge from the charred remnants that were scattered everywhere.

"Look!" shouted Lafe, pointing. The ground was covered with fragments of some sort of ore, and a trail of chips and dust led out of the mouth of the cave into another recess among the rocks. Among the brambles, un-

der a roughly constructed roof, was a small hand machine, consisting in the main of two steel rollers, white with crushed rock.

"Looks like a hand flour-mill," said Lafe. "I thought maybe it might be gold. But it ain't gold. All that's crushed in a stream, and quartz gold has to be got with cyanide."

A pick next caught their eyes. Somebody, or party, rather, had been working at the rocks, apparently to take samples of some ore; but there was certainly no gold in the Laurentian granite.

Suddenly Lafe uttered an exclamation, and, stooping down, picked up a matted handful of some fibrous, woolly material that had been stuffed into a cleft. He pulled out yet another handful, and more and more—stiff wool, yet of a stony consistency—stone, if such a thing were possible.

"Rock flax!" he exclaimed. "I seen it down Theford way years ago, Mr. Askew. Look there! The clift's alive with it!"

"Asbestos!" cried Hilary. "A regular asbestos quarry!" said Lafe. "There's thousands of dollars' worth here. Look at it!"

Hilary could see now that the coarse fibers ran through the side of the cliff in every direction. They were so blended with the mottled stone that he had not even noticed them.

"That accounts for everything," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I guess Brousseau wasn't paying all those hands at Ste. Marie and pretending to work his limits just to jump your timber rights. I knew he had something up his sleeve, but I didn't know what. I knew there wasn't no gold round here."

"So that's why he wants to get me out of the way."

"That's the whole game, sir. He knew you'd hit upon this mine sooner or later, though he'd left the island out of the map of the seignior. Lord, what a fool I was not to have known!"

"There's more to it than that, Lafe. That's why he tried to draw us out of the scene on the subject of the river boundary. He thought that if he could get into a fight with us over that, we wouldn't be thinking of the island. And this mine belongs to Rosny. No wonder Brousseau wants the seignior!"

"It's as good as a play," said Lafe. "I guess he's the best actor I ever saw. It means that he'll lose his hold over him, and—well, Lafe, I feel too happy to say any more about it."

Lafe grabbed him by the hand. "We've won," he said ecstatically. "And now I guess we'd best be starting for the boat."

They retraced their steps along the trail. It was a nervous experience, with the thought that old Jacques might be lurking in the bushes nearby. However, by the time they reached the island space they satisfied themselves that he was not following them.

"We've passed our landing place," said Hilary.

Looking out across the gray waters he perceived, close at hand, and apparently beached on the shore, the white sail of a sloop. It seemed to be the vessel which they had seen earlier that afternoon, tacking toward the south shore.

The men looked at each other, and the same unspoken question was in the eyes of each. Then Lafe grabbed Hilary by the shoulders.

"See here!" he said. "We ain't going to stay and fight Brousseau's gang just for the fun of it. I guess it's Pierre and Leblanc in that boat all right, and they're on their way home. We beat it for ours as hard as we can go—see? You ain't fit to do no more fighting anyway," he pleaded.

"And I won't, no matter what happens—that's straight to you. I'll fight any man with fists if I got to, but I'm darned if I'll stand up against that scum with camp knives."

"You're quite right, Lafe," answered Hilary. "Come, let's get to the boat as quick as we can."

But as they started there rang out a woman's cry. Again came the scream; and in an instant, forgetful of their resolution, they had turned and raced back along the trail.

Not many steps, and, breaking through the trees, they saw Marie Dupont struggling in Pierre's arms, while Leblanc and Nanette stood near them, laughing.

Lafe leaped at Pierre, and his body fist caught the outlaw beneath the chin. Pierre went down in a heap.

They saw Marie Dupont Struggling in Pierre's Arms.

Hilary made for Leblanc, whose expression would, under other circumstances, have been comical in its surprise.

He turned upon the girl and knocked her down savagely. Then, without another glance at Hilary, he made for the sloop.

Leaving Pierre where he had fallen, Lafe joined in the pursuit. But Leblanc had several yards' start, and his experience of Hilary's prowess lent wings to his feet. He plunged into the water and, by a miracle of strength, swung the sloop clear of the sand on which she had been beached. As the vessel was carried clear by the swift-flowing tide the ex-jobber scrambled aboard, dripping, and pushed off with the oar. Lafe and Hilary stood, baffled, upon the brink of the water,

while Leblanc, at an ever increasing distance, began to put up the sail, shouting back defiant curses meanwhile.

"They heard a sound of feet upon the shingle behind them, and turned quickly to see Pierre, but he was bolting for the woods. They ran at him, but he had gained the shelter of the trees, and it was growing too dark to follow. They stopped and looked back. Leblanc was now quite a distance from the island, and making for the north shore upon the incoming tide.

"Let's go," said Hilary, and he took Marie gently by the arm. She went with him obediently, and Lafe followed with Nanette, whose lips were bloody from Leblanc's blow.

The tide was running fairly for St. Boniface. It was almost dark now, but the wind had died away and the stars were brilliant. Hilary, taking off his overcoat, wrapped it about his waist. The girl's bewilderment had yielded to abject gratitude. She raised Hilary's hand to her lips and pressed it. Beside her Nanette, who was sobbing wildly and wiping her wounded lip. The words that passed were drowned in the sound of the lapping waves before they reached the ears of Louis, at the tiller.

"Now, what happened?" asked Hilary of Marie. "Tell me, and we'll clap those ruffians into jail, I assure you. How did they get you into that boat?"

Marie sobbed out her explanation; but when Hilary gathered with difficulty from the broken words, stammered in French, that she had gone aboard with Pierre to marry him in Quebec, he could hardly believe his ears.

"And your father knows nothing of this?" he inquired, when she had ended.

"He knows nothing, monsieur. Ah, monsieur, you saved me before, and I—I was ungrateful. Promise me, swear to me, that he shall never know!"

"And you, Nanette," continued Hilary, addressing the weeping girl, "what have you to say, who lured her here, knowing this?"

"I did not know, monsieur," cried Nanette. "Pierre told me that if I bring her he would get me back my sweetheart."

"Leblanc, eh?"

"Ours, monsieur. Then he take me to Quebec, and we get married. And he promised me a wedding ring of gold, monsieur."

"And he told you that he was going to marry Marie?"

"Yes, monsieur. We all go to Quebec together. Only just before we land he tell me that we all stay on the island together first, and have a holiday."

"Nanette, Leblanc never intended to marry you," said Hilary. "They were using you to get Marie into Pierre's power. Nanette—"

He bent toward her and touched her on the shoulder. She looked up at him, her lips quivering, her face pathetic as a quivering child's.

"It's long since you left your home?"

"Two years, monsieur."

"Nanette, you were a child then, like Marie here? Leblanc came to you and told you of the great world outside, and how he would marry you and be kind to you. Two years have passed, and he has not kept his promise, and still he deceives you with his promises. Would you go back to him?"

"Never, monsieur. He struck me—"

"Not in just anger, as a man strikes his wife who nags him, but because he was afraid. See where his fist fell—see!"

"Yet, Nanette, even as Leblanc did to you, you would have had Pierre do to Marie here."

"Monsieur! I thought he was to marry her. Pierre told me, if I brought Marie to Ste. Marie no harm is done, because he loves her and he wishes to save her from you, who mean no good to Marie here."

"From me, Nanette?" exclaimed Hilary, stupefied.

"Oul, monsieur, and then you go to Ste. Marie to meet her and take her home. And everybody say Monsieur Askew, monsieur, and don't he has a wife in his own country."

Hilary looked at her in amazement. He noticed that Lafe was staring over the side of the boat, as if he had not heard.

"Nanette, if you went home, would your father receive you?"

"Ah, monsieur, do not speak of it. Perhaps he is dead. Perhaps they are all dead from grief."

"Would you like to go home, Nanette?"

"Yes, monsieur. I will go now, for I have nothing more to live for. I shall go and beg on my knees—"

"I shall send you home, then, Nanette. But now ask forgiveness from Marie here, and then thank God that He has saved her tonight in spite of all the evil that was against her."

Nanette crouched toward Marie Dupont, whose arms stole round her neck, and the two girls cried and whispered together. Hilary, meanwhile, he thought of Madeline, and breathed a prayer that their lives might run together, and that they might strive together for the right all their days.

He turned back to the girl. "Now, Marie, no word of this night's doings shall ever pass my lips," he said. "But, Marie, your life is unhappy. There is a good man in St. Boniface who cares for you. Do you think that you could learn to care for him?"

"Ah, pauvre Jean!" wept the girl. "I have been ungrateful to him, monsieur. And now I am not worthy that he should have anything to do with me."

"He shall know nothing unless you tell him," said Hilary. "As to that, I cannot say. But you need have no fears as to me."

The black shadow of the wharf began to project out of the shore line, with Baptiste's schooner moored alongside. Lights of lanterns were moving, and the sloop drew near Hilary perceived a little group of people near the wharf-head, Louis Duval let down the sails and guided the vessel's port toward the mooring ring. Hilary stepped out, but before he could turn to give his hand to Marie a woman stepped forward.

It was Madeline. She ran to him

with a little cry of gladness. She raised her lips to his.

"Dear, I have been waiting since dark," she said, pressing his arm. "I only got your letter this afternoon, telling me that you had gone to the island, and I was frightened, Hilary."

He patted her arm. "I am quite safe, dear," he answered, smiling. "There was never any danger. Lafe was with me, and we went and came on the tide."

As he spoke he noticed that the crowd at the wharf-head had drawn nearer. He heard a man shouting; there seemed to be some disturbance which he fancied they were trying to quell. Lafe stepped upon the wharf with the two girls, walking past Hilary. Madeline turned.

Her eyes, lighting upon Marie's face, and then Nanette's, sought Hilary's in astonishment. But she asked nothing.

As he spoke he noticed that the crowd at the wharf-head had drawn nearer. He heard a man shouting; there seemed to be some disturbance which he fancied they were trying to quell. Lafe stepped upon the wharf with the two girls, walking past Hilary. Madeline turned.

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